

MEGA-PLAN REVEALED: JUDGE GETS CRIMINAL RECORD!

DISC 403
2 FEB 85

51.45 Malaysia
60c Australia
60c New Zealand
88g Mercury
210g Venus
60g Mars
10g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
10g Neptune
2g Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN TUNE
EVERY
MONDAY

I'LL MAKE
THOSE CREEPS
SING!

DREDD

INSIDE!

FINK BROTHERS
BEAT THE RAP?

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

Greetings from the galaxy's greatest editor! It is possible that the more keen-eyed amongst you will already have noticed the increased price for this precious prog. I, Tharg the Thrifty, regret having to ask for this extra couple of copper groats, but rampant thrill-market forces have left me no alternative. However, to compensate for your minor outlay, I have decided to reveal inside this prog the details of my one and only *Mega-Plan*! Months of hard labour have gone into its creation, producing an event the likes of which the cosmos has never seen—or heard—before! Prepare yourselves for a severe circuit-shock, Earthlets: The Mighty One is going to hit the charts—with a heatseeker!

SPLUNDIG VUR THIRIGG!

THARG

£10
Winner



THE THARGLETS

Drawn by

Earthlet John Danvers, South Wigston, Leicester.

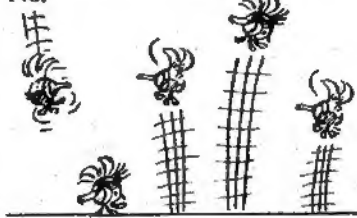
MASSIMO MYSTERY

Dear Tharg,

Could you please tell me what the strange little creatures are which inhabit G-B-H's hair in the scrotnig *Ace Trucking Co* saga?

From Earthlet Simon Rutter, Hartlepool. £5 Winner.

No.



NUTTY DROIDS

Borag Thungg, O Mighty Green One,

I thought that you and your readers would be interested to learn that the Terran pop group called "MADNESS" are great fans of your ghaufflebette publication, and, indeed, of yourself—such great fans that they've named their new record company label "ZARJAZZ" in your honour!

From Earthlet Richard Partridge, Cannock, Staffs. £5 Winner.

Thank you for writing, Earthlet, but I already knew about the "ZARJAZZ" record label. Indeed, I know much, much more—for these musical mutants have created...but no! I shall not spoil the surprise for you! All is revealed in my *Mega-Plan* elsewhere amongst these thrilling pages!

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.

2.

3.

I Dislike:

My Age is..... 403

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ROGUE TROOPER

HELP
MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

HELM—HIS BODY'S DISINTEGRATING! BUT A NORT SPACE PROBE IS PASSING BY. IF IT PICKS UP HIS SCREAMS, WE'LL ALL BE IN PIECES.

NEED TO
SHUT HIM UP—
FAST!

2000AD
Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING ROBOT
BILL NUTTALL

COMPU-73E

3. BITS AND PIECES!

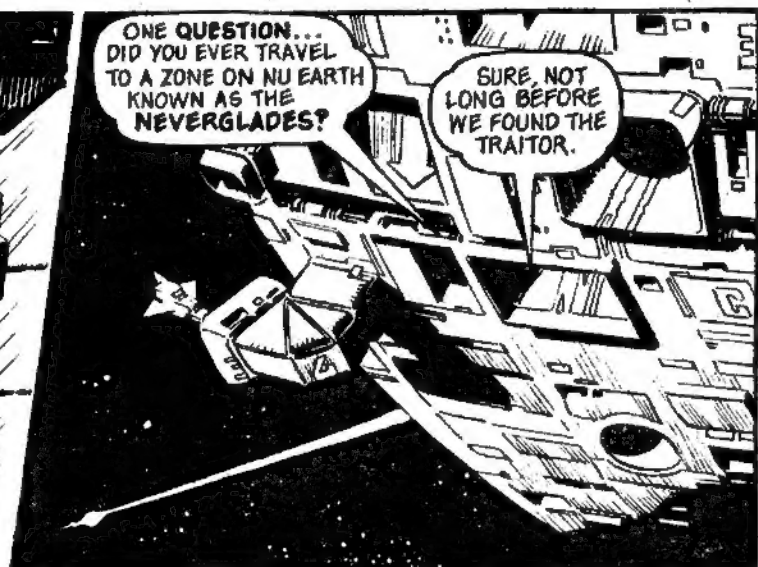








SERVO-DROIDS THAT MAINTAINED THE EXTERIOR OF MILLI-COM WERE ORDERED INTO ACTION.





JUDGE DREDD RECORD NOW ON SALE!

THE MEGA-TIMES

16 Creds.

Saturday 2 February 2107

Morning Edition

DREDD DISC— FINK BROTHERS FLEE!

By Dan Sette

A criminal record has been produced by notorious mutants the *Fink Brothers*—and it features no less a personage than *Judge Dredd* on backing vocals! The record—sources inform me it's entitled "*Mutants In Mega-City One*"—was secretly programmed, using stolen tapes of *Judge Dredd's* voice, in the basement of downtown B.B.King Block. Those mutie boys have now hightailed it out of the city, taking thousands and thousands of copies of their illicit audio-slug with them.

Our Music Correspondent Writes...
Say hey, juves! I've heard this disc, and I've just gotta tell ya—the sound abounds! Gabba gabba gabba!

Our Legal Correspondent Writes...
In producing this record, the *Fink Brothers* place themselves in direct contravention of City Ordinances 13906, 22/Kappa



Delta/4-4-4. and 8901/Penal. This morning a spokesman from the *Justice Department* told me that possession of the 7" version carries a mandatory sentence of 7 years, while the 12" gets you a straight 12 stretch.

++ STOP PRESS ++
Our Music Correspondent gets 7 years for possession of "*Mutants In Mega-City One*"
++ STOP PRESS ++
Anonymous source claims *Fink Bros.* stolen Time Machine

THARG'S MEGA-PLAN!



Yes, Earthlets, it's true! You can now get your grabbers on 7" and 12" versions of a record featuring the legendary *Judge Dredd*! The Time Machine stolen by the *Fink Brothers* transported them to the murky waters of North London. There, the marauding mutants disguised themselves as ordinary Terrans—by transferring into the bodies of two members of Tharg's favourite pop group! I know the Squaxx dek Thargo will want to buy their own copies of the record, so I have programmed a Disc File elsewhere on this page to give them all the necessary information.

DISC FILE

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Title | : "MUTANTS IN MEGA-CITY ONE" |
| Artists | : THE FINK BROTHERS. |
| Index No. | : JAZZ 2. |
| Record Label | : ZARJAZZ. |
| Distributors | : VIRGIN. |
| Thrill-Merchants | : All good record shops throughout the galaxy! |
| Cover Artwork | : BOLLAND—this prog's front cover. |

NEXT PROG

Tharg's ZARJAZZ freebies! Sweatshirts! Badges! Posters!



NEMESIS

THE WARLOCK

BOOK FOUR

2000AD

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PAT MILLS
ART ROBOT
BRYAN TALBOT
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73e

ON HIS FLAGSHIP, THE GRAND MASTER CALLS AN ASSEMBLY OF THE SEVEN GREAT CHAPTERS OF TERMINATORS... THE INQUISITORS, NEW DRUIDS, DERVISHES, OUTRIDERS, ASSASSINS, DARK BRETHREN AND BERSERKERS...

...TO PROCLAIM HIS FINAL VICTORY OVER NEMESIS - BEFORE THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO TERMIGHT IN HIS NEW SUPER-BODY!

THE WARLOCK IS DESTROYED!

DESTROYED!

WITHOUT HIM, ALL DEVIANTS WILL BE AT OUR MERCY.

MERCY!

TERMIGHT SHALL BE VICTORIOUS!

VICTORIOUS!

BUT WE MUST NOT RELAX! I WARN YOU - BEWARE OF THE PSEUDO-HUMAN! WATCH OUT FOR THE ANTI-BODY...

THE VILE CREATURE WHO APPEARS NORMAL BUT IS SECRETLY... A DEVIANT!



TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT YOUR NEIGHBOUR! WHAT DARK SECRETS ARE HIDDEN BENEATH HIS ARMOUR? COULD HE BE... AN ALIEN?



MORE THAN EVER, I URGE YOU ALL...

BE PURE! BE VIGILANT! BEHAVE!



BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I'LL KNOW. I'LL FIND OUT. AND ONE NIGHT... THE INQUISITION WILL BE CALLING ON YOU!



IN THE BATTLE THAT FOLLOWS, THE TWO NEW ABC WARRIORS ACQUIT THEMSELVES WELL...

BLIMEY!
THERE'S A
NIP IN THE
AIR!

BANZAI!

HITAKI HAD BEEN BUILT BY THE
BLACK DRAGON KAI, A SECRET
SOCIETY DEDICATED TO RESTORING
THE JAPANESE EMPIRE.

HE WAS PROGRAMMED
TO ACT LIKE THE SAMURAI
AND KAMIKAZES OF OLD.

IN HIS MIND, HE WAS
STILL FIGHTING
ANCIENT WARS,
OBEYING ORDERS GIVEN
CENTURIES BEFORE...

LONG
LIVE THE
EMPEROR!

WHILE MAD RONN
DEALS WITH THE
FLAGSHIP'S
SECURITY SYSTEMS...

ONCE HE WAS A 'NIFFER'
ROBOT - A BOMB DISPOSAL
EXPERT. HIS SNOUT
CONTAINED THE MOST
SENSITIVE ELECTRONIC
SENSORS.

I'VE BY-PASSED
THE HUMANS' FAIL-SAFE
DEVICES. WE NOW HAVE
OPERATIONAL CONTROL
OF THE SHIP!

EXCELLENT
WORK,
RONN! 888!

BLACKBLOOD BRINGS 'THE CONQUISTADOR' ALONGSIDE THE OTHER TERMIGHT SHIPS AND SUBJECTS THEM TO A DEVASTATING BROADSIDE...



MEANWHILE...

REIN-FORCEMENTS! CAN YOU STOP THEM, MONGROL?



CAAARAAA!

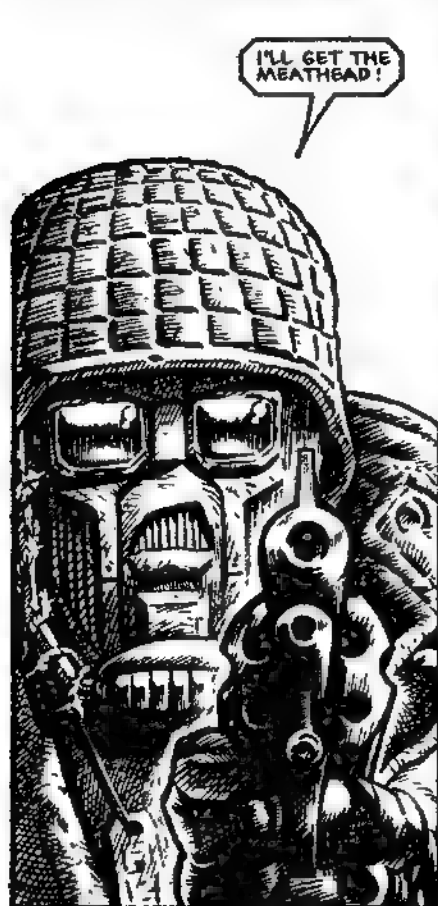
HE'S BRINGING THE ROOF DOWN!

AHH!



BLACKBLOOD! SWITCH OFF THE GRAVITY!

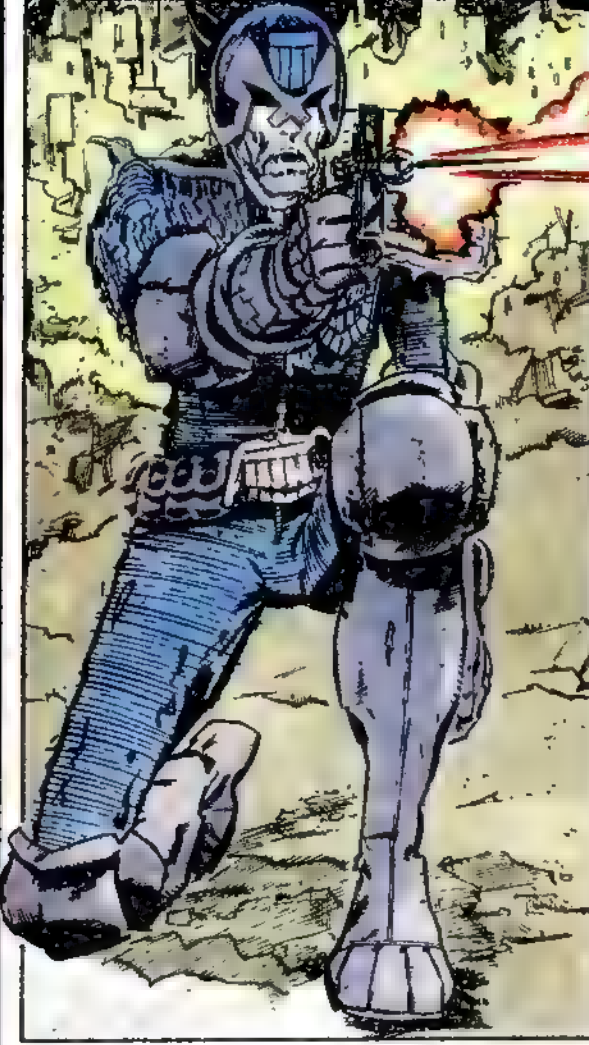




JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITY ONE, 2120. JUDGE DREDD HAS GONE INTO THE FUTURE TO FACE THE MUTANT, THE WARPED CLONE WHO HAS BROUGHT DOOM TO THE CITY.

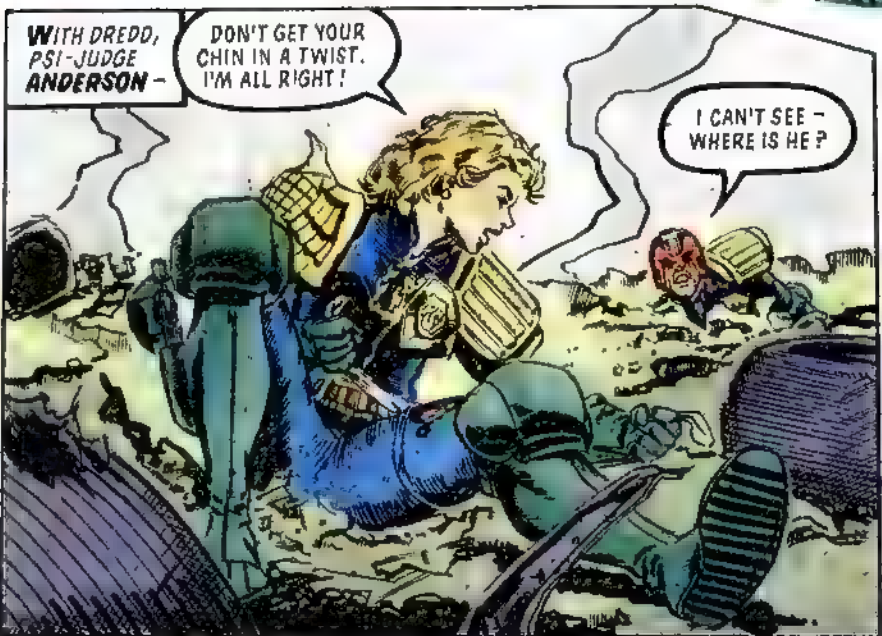
NOW, BLINDED, DREDD IS HUNTED DOWN BY HIS FUTURE SELF - THE MUTANT'S ZOMBIE...



ANDERSON!
YOU OKAY?
ANSWER!

ANSWER!

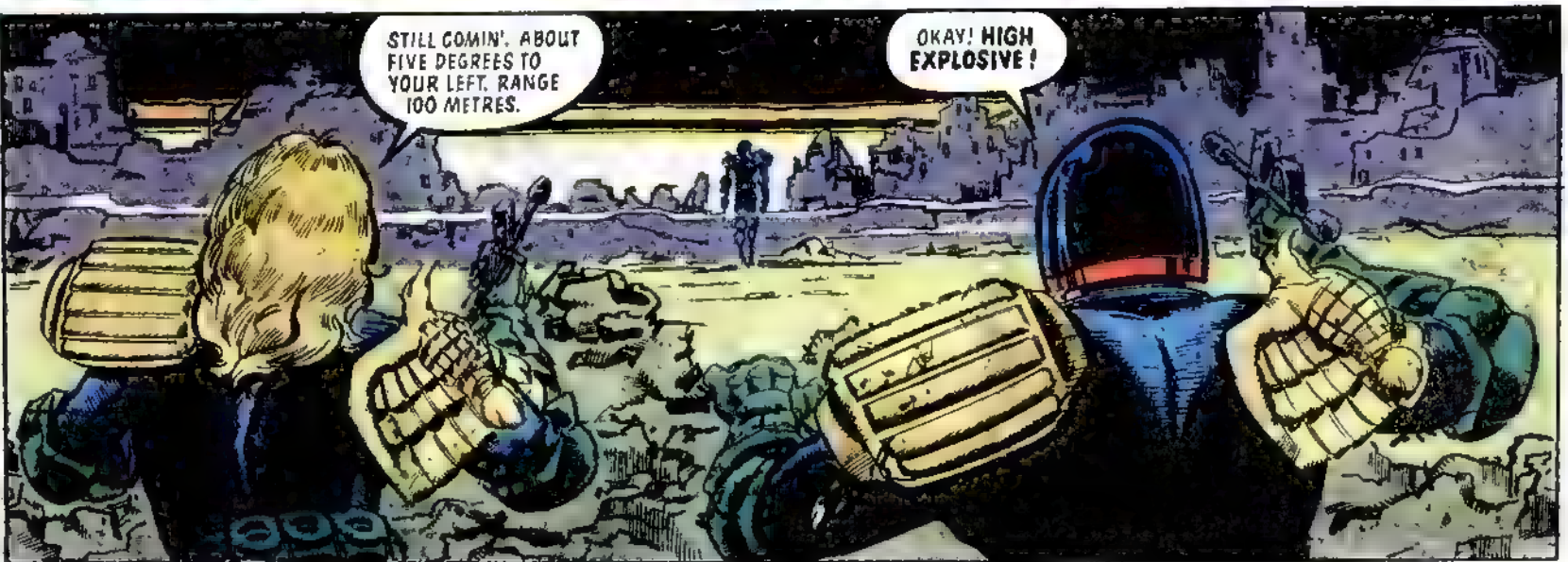
CITY
OF THE DAMNED



WITH DREDD, PSI-JUDGE ANDERSON -

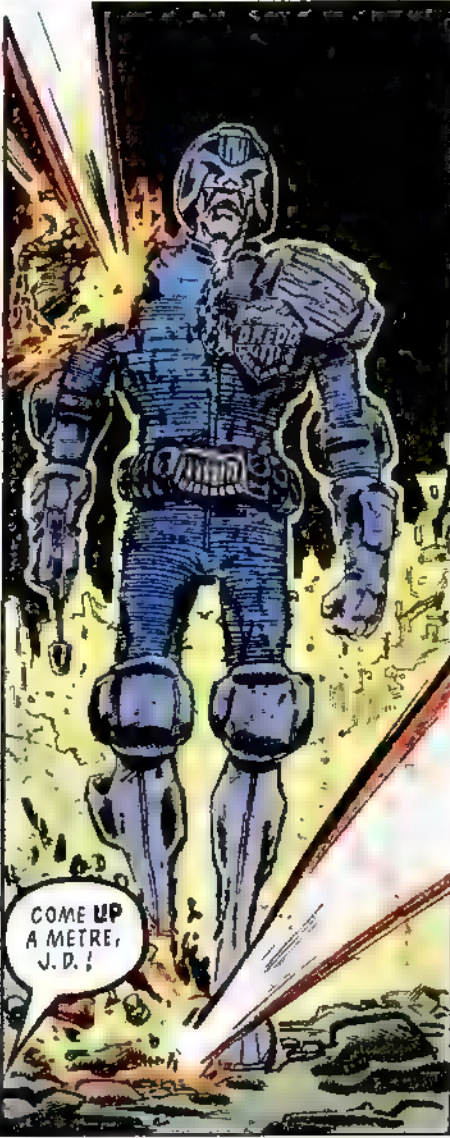
DON'T GET YOUR CHIN IN A TWIST. I'M ALL RIGHT!

I CAN'T SEE - WHERE IS HE?

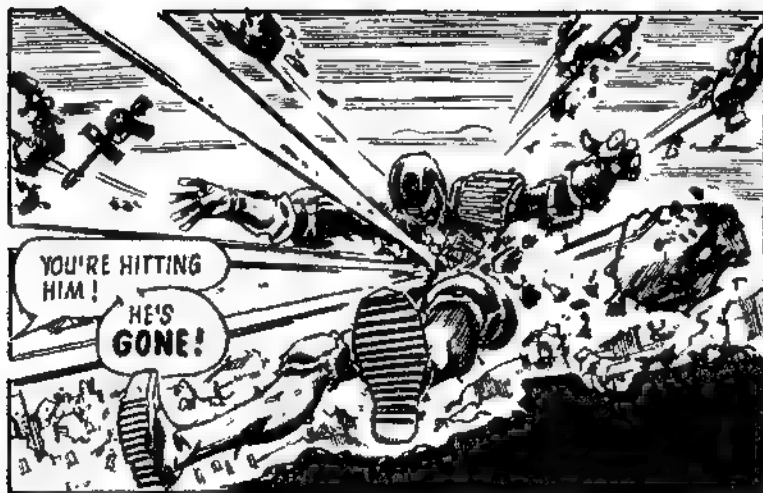


STILL COMIN'. ABOUT FIVE DEGREES TO YOUR LEFT. RANGE 100 METRES.

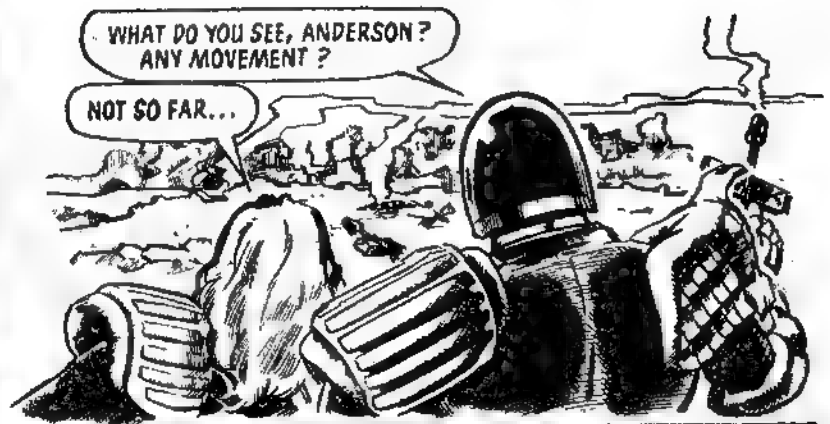
OKAY! HIGH EXPLOSIVE!



COME UP A METRE, J.D.!



YOU'RE HITTING HIM!
HE'S GONE!

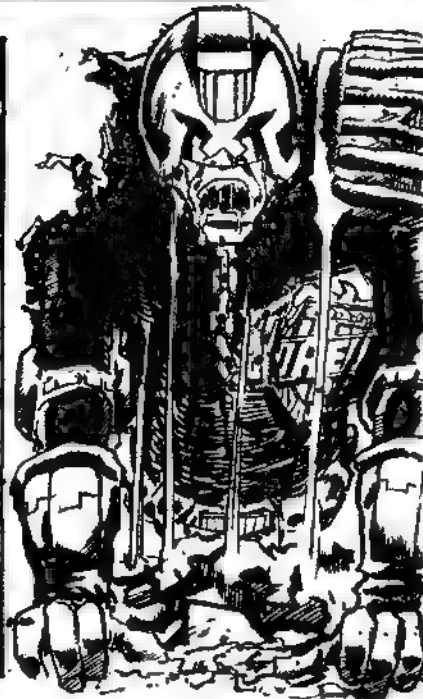


WHAT DO YOU SEE, ANDERSON?
ANY MOVEMENT?

NOT SO FAR...



STILL LYING THERE.
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
STAYING DOWN
THIS TIME!



RATS!

WHAT IS IT?



WE GOT AN ONGOING
ZOMBIE SITUATION!



I KNEW YOU WERE HARD TO KILL,
DREDD, BUT THIS IS
RIDICULOUS!

WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT..
WHERE ARE WE? DO YOU
RECOGNISE ANYTHING?



YEAH! LOOKS LIKE THE REMAINS
OF THE FERRARO COMPLEX.

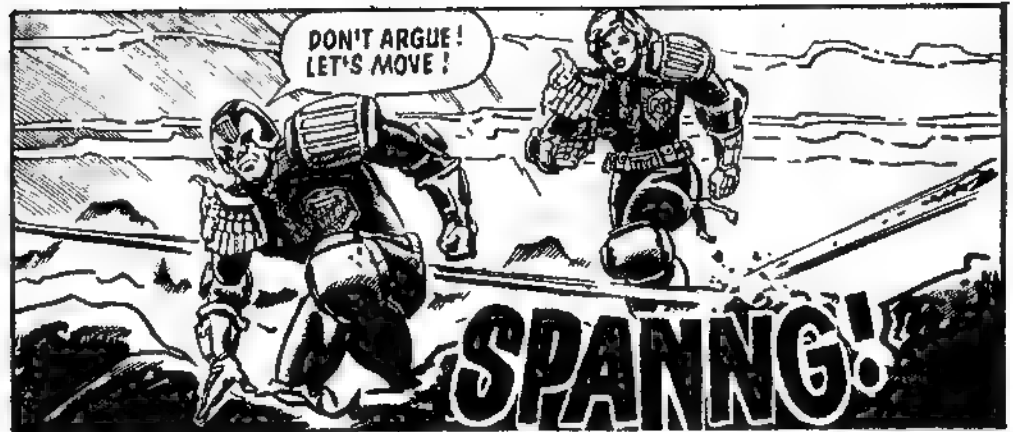
THAT'S SECTOR 20. THERE WAS A **SECTOR HOUSE**
UP ON CARPENTER, WASN'T THERE?

RIGHT.

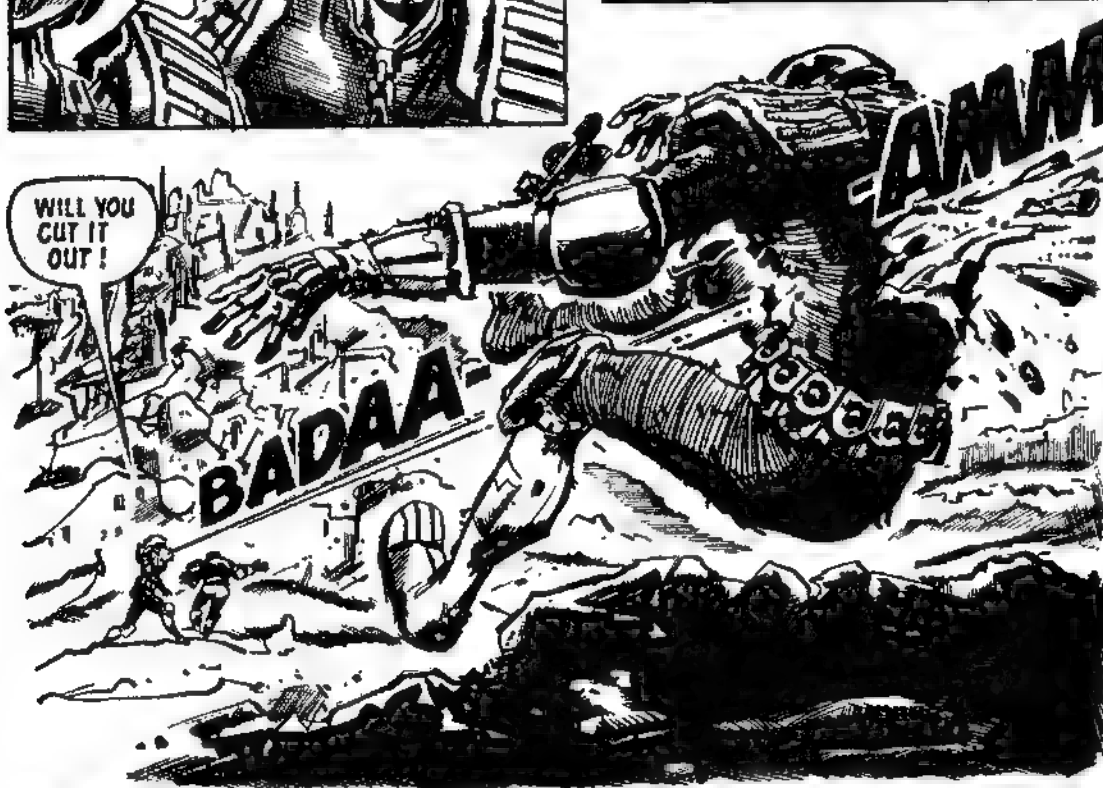
IF THINGS RUN TO FORM IT'LL STILL BE INTACT.
MIGHT FIND SOME BETTER WEAPONS THERE.

YOU'RE CRAZY! IF THINGS RUN TO FORM IT'LL BE CRAWLING WITH THOSE VAMPIRE JUDGLES!

AT LEAST THE BLUES HAVE THE DEGENCY TO STAY DEAD WHEN YOU KILL THEM.



WILL YOU CUT IT OUT!



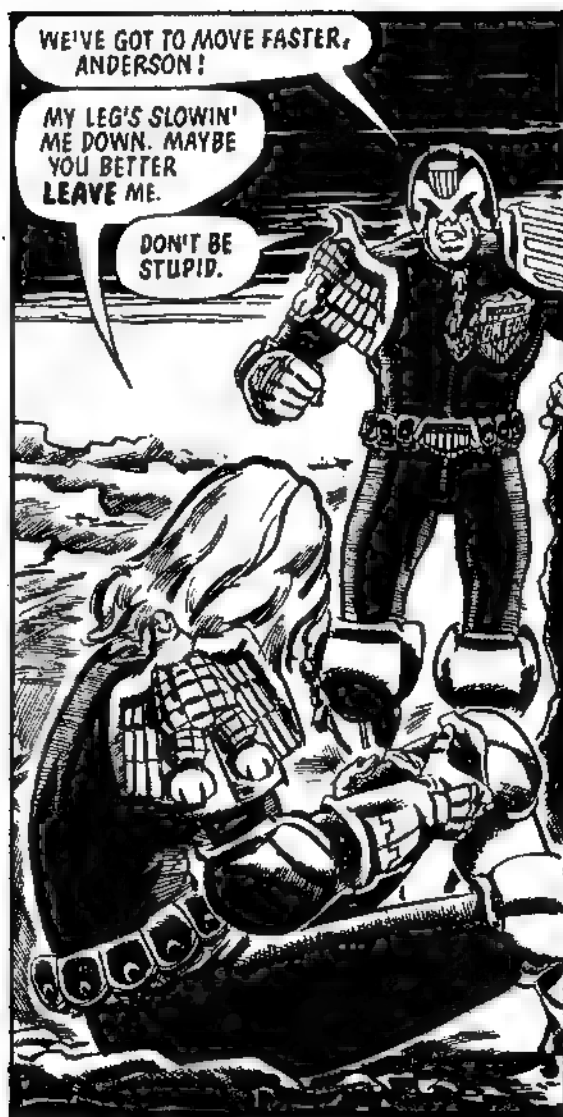
THAT BETTER KEEP HIM DOWN FOR A WHILE. IT WAS MY LAST HI-EX.



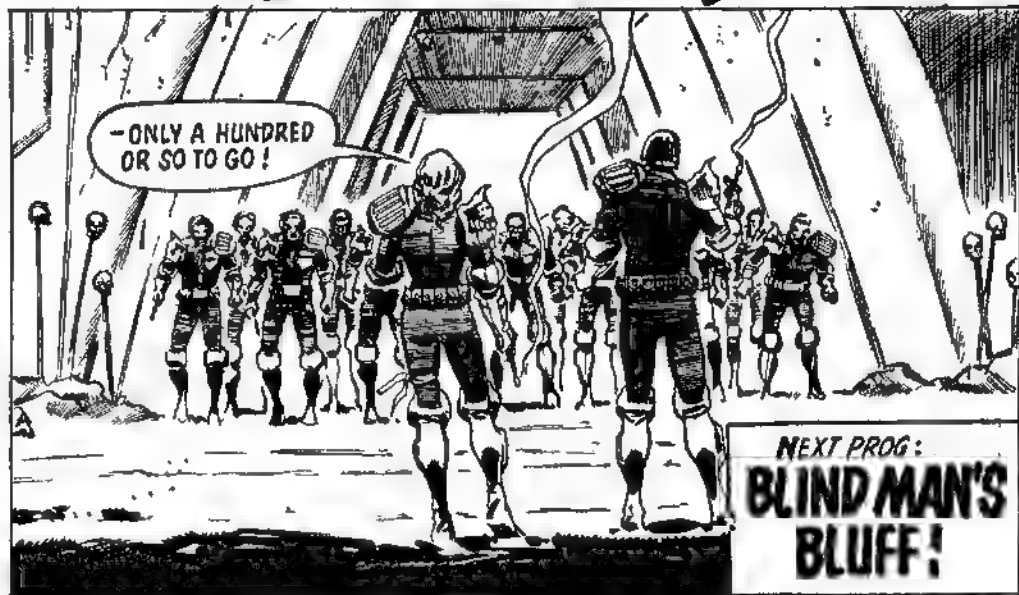
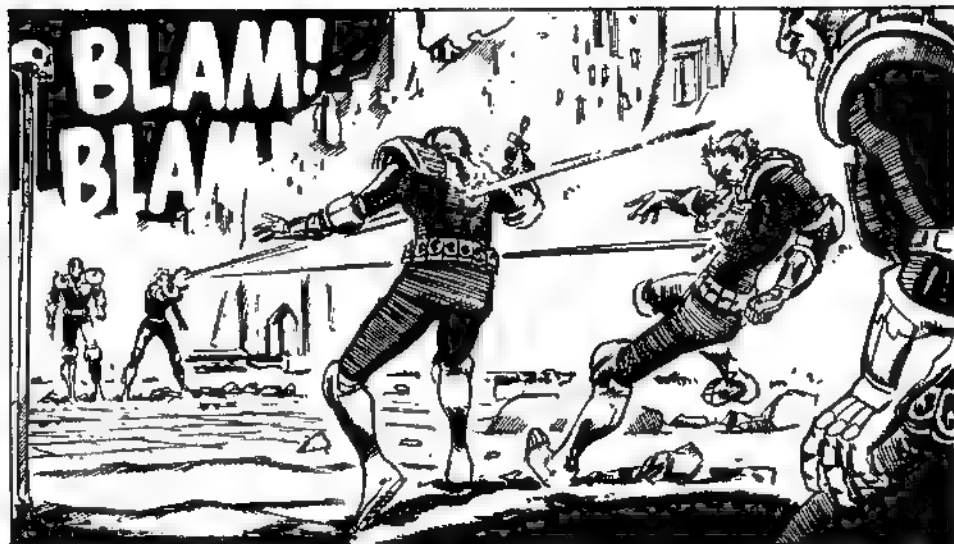
YOU'RE A TRIER, JOE DREDD, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT. A DEFINITE TRIER!

BUT NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU FROM CERTAIN DOOM!









THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT FOR PRESIDENT

BASED ON THE BOOK BY HARRY HARRISON (C) HARRY HARRISON 1982





GO AHEAD — BUT YOU'LL BE THE *NEXT ONE* TO DIE IF I DON'T DELIVER MY MESSAGE.

FUNNY THING ABOUT BULLIES — THEY LOSE INTEREST IF YOU DON'T SUFFER. THEY ALSO DO AS YOU SAY IF THEY KNOW YOU MEAN BUSINESS.



SPEAK, OAF. GIVE YOUR MESSAGE AND THEN I WILL DANGLE YOU BY YOUR OWN ENTRAILS!

THERE'S A PLAN TO KILL YOU!



WHAT! WHO? TELL ME WHO PLANS IT, NOW!

SOMEONE VERY CLOSE TO YOU. IT IS ... MRMTRMBLE!



EH? SPEAK UP, YOU MUMBLING MORON!

I CANNOT SPEAK HIS NAME ALOUD HERE. I MUST WHISPER IT... TO YOU..



... LIKE THIS!

UNFF!

I MANAGED TO MAKE A SMALL SCRATCH ON ZAPILOTE'S NECK BEFORE THEY DRAGGED ME OFF HIM.



SPEAK NOW—
OR I BLOW YOUR
BRAINS OUT! WHO
WANTS TO KILL
OUR GLORIOUS
PRESIDENT?

I DO. IN FACT,
I ALREADY HAVE.
YOU SEE THAT SMALL
SCRATCH ON
HIS NECK...?



IT WAS MADE BY THIS
FINGERNAIL—WHICH HAPPENS
TO BE COATED WITH AN EXTREMELY
DEADLY VIRUS. THERE IS AN
ANTIDOTE, OF COURSE...

ANTIDOTE?!
GIVE IT TO ME.
I WANT IT!

OF COURSE YOU DO. YOUR
TEMPERATURE IS ALREADY RISING.
SOON, THE PURPLE BLOTCHES ON YOUR
FACE WILL SPREAD AND WITHIN FOUR
HOURS YOU WILL LARSE INTO COMA
AND DIE!



BUT I CAN ARRANGE
FOR THE ANTIDOTE TO BE
DELIVERED HERE, IF YOU
RELEASE ME AND THE
PRISONER YOU TOOK IN
THE SPACESHIP
CRASH. DEAL?

YES, YES!
ANYTHING!

BUT, YOUR
EXCELLENCY—!



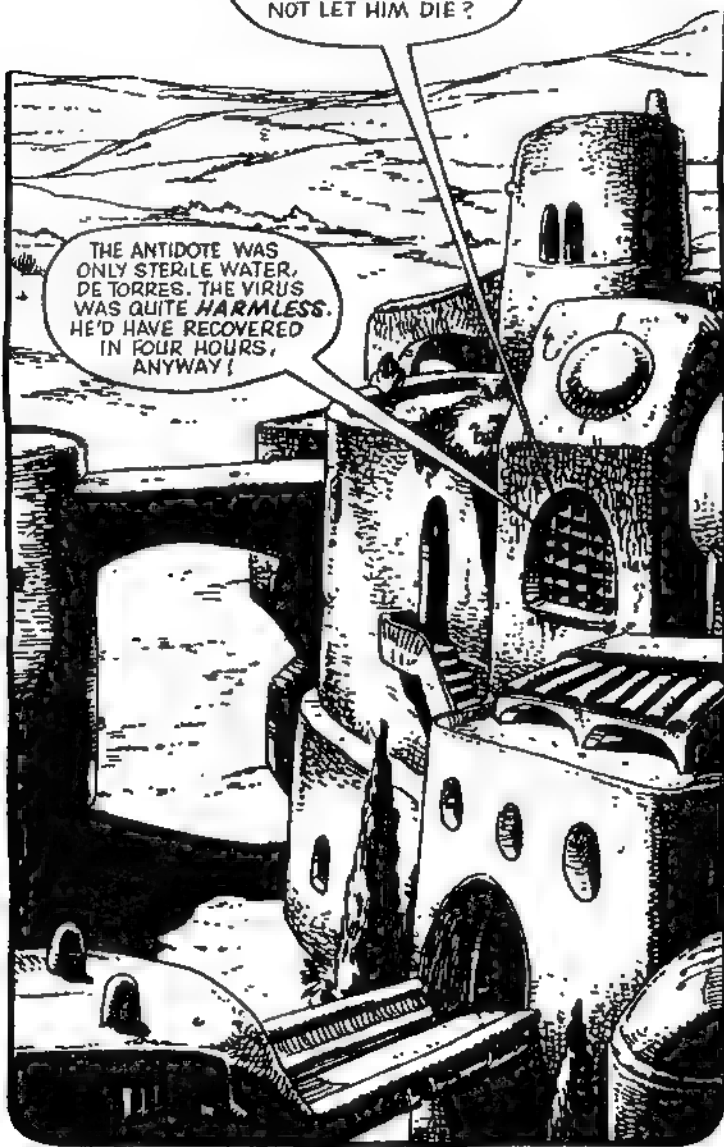
SPEAK ANOTHER WORD,
OLIVEIRA, AND YOU TOO WILL
DIE WITH THE PURPLE
BLOTCHES!

OLIVEIRA OBVIOUSLY
LIKED HIS COMPLEXION
AND HEALTH THE WAY
IT WAS. HE OBEYED
HIS INSTRUCTIONS...

... AND BOLIVAR AND I WERE BACK AT CASTLE DE LA ROSA WITHIN TWO HOURS.

WHY DID YOU DELIVER THE ANTIDOTE? WHY NOT LET HIM DIE?

THE ANTIDOTE WAS ONLY STERILE WATER, DE TORRES. THE VIRUS WAS QUITE HARMLESS. HE'D HAVE RECOVERED IN FOUR HOURS, ANYWAY!



MY HUSBAND HAS THESE UNFORTUNATE QUALMS ABOUT KILLING PEOPLE. ANYWAY, NOW WE CAN ASSASSINATE ZAPILOTE'S CHARACTER. WATCH...



PRESIDENT ZAPILOTE CONTINUES TO RECOVER WELL FROM HIS ATTACK OF FOOD POISONING. WE ALL WISH HIM WELL...



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

BUT LET US NOT DWELL ON THE SICK GUTS OF THAT SORDID LITTLE MAN! LET US FOLLOW THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN OF SIR HECTOR HARAPD—HE WHO HAS ALREADY SURVIVED A NUMBER OF ASSASSINATION ATTEMPTS BY THIS BOB ZAPILOTE!

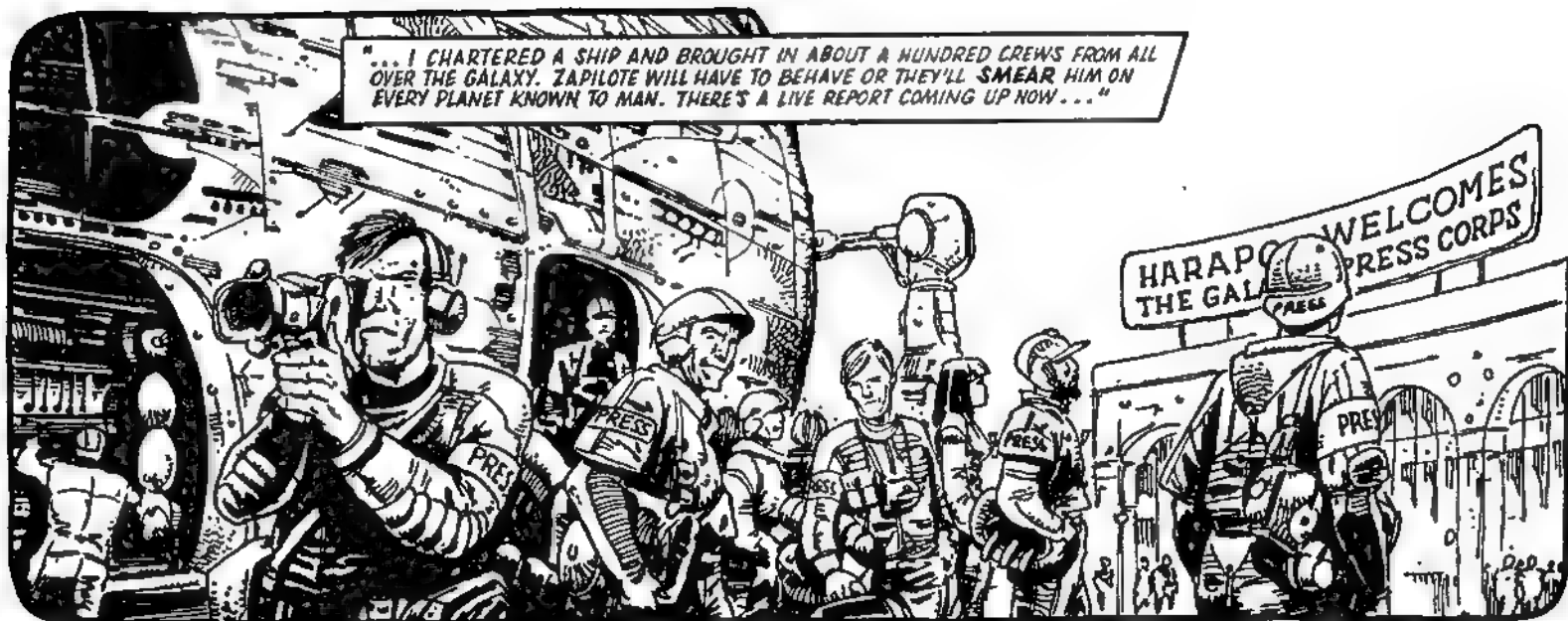


AS PART OF OUR CAMPAIGN TACTICS, WE HAD RE-WIRED PARAISO-AQUI'S COMMUNICATION SATELLITES. THIS MEANT WE COULD NOW CUT OUT ZAPILOTE'S BROADCASTS—AND SUBSTITUTE OUR OWN...

NICE PRODUCTION, ANGELINA. WE HAVE MORE...?

PLENTY! AND THE REAL PRESS ARRIVED THIS MORNING WHILE YOU WERE IN THE CITY...





"... I CHARTERED A SHIP AND BROUGHT IN ABOUT A HUNDRED CREWS FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY. ZAPILOTE WILL HAVE TO BEHAVE OR THEY'LL SMEAR HIM ON EVERY PLANET KNOWN TO MAN. THERE'S A LIVE REPORT COMING UP NOW..."



AND THERE HAVE JUST BEEN SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENTS IN THIS, THE MOST UNUSUAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN IN THE PAST TWO CENTURIES...



GENERAL PRESIDENT HAS SUDDENLY DECIDED TO BRING FORWARD THE ELECTION! POLLING DAY WILL NOW TAKE PLACE TOMORROW INSTEAD OF IN A MONTH'S TIME!



HE CAN'T! WE WON'T HAVE THE TIME WE NEED FOR THE TV CAMPAIGN—WE'D NEVER WIN!

THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY...

I FEAR NOT, MY FRIEND. WE HAVE ONLY 24 HOURS...

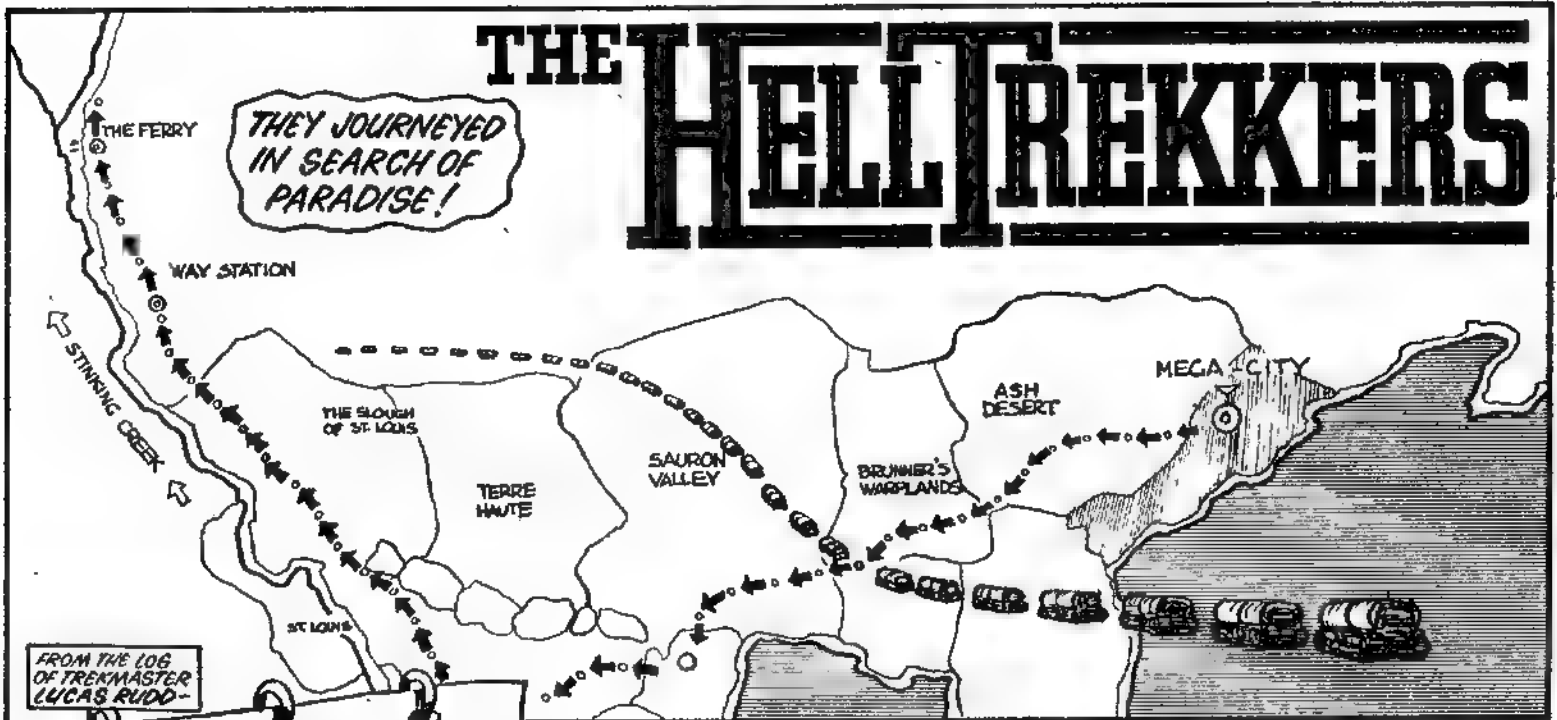


THEN WE'D BETTER START PLANNING NOW.

I SOUNDED CONFIDENT—I HAD TO KEEP UP THE MORALE OF MY TROOPS. IN FACT, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT WE WERE GOING TO DO.

NEXT PROG: **Get out of rat!**

THE HELL TREKKERS



FROM THE LOG OF TREKMASTER LUCAS RUDD-

DAY 8.

This morning I took a roll call. It makes grim reading. Of the 28 wagons which set out from Mega-City One, only 9 have suffered no loss: The Lovejoys in wagon 5, The Mountbattens in 11...



2000AD Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
F. MARTIN CANOOR
ART ROBOT
LALIA
LETTERS ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73E



A strange family, the Kooshes. They took one look at the Cursed Earth when we left the city gates and retired to their wagon. Not one of them's been seen since...

I DUNNO, MYNIE. PEOPLE SEEM TO GET WEIRDER THE FURTHER WE TREK.

THEY WERE PRETTY WEIRD WHEN WE SET OUT, LUCAS.

These are the lucky ones. Other wagons have been devastated. Only 800 kilometres travelled - not even halfway to the New Territories - and already 4-7 of our number are dead.

RADWAGONS-HO!

Only one other wagon has escaped loss of life - my own. But I fear our luck will not hold good much longer. Banjo Quint, our guide, is dying...

THE INFECTION IN HIS WOUND ISN'T RESPONDING TO ANY OF THE ANTIBIOTICS.

IT TAKES MORE THAN MEGA-CITY DRUGS TO BEAT SOME OF THESE CURSED EARTH GERMS.

DO YOUR BEST FOR HIM, AMBER. IF WE LOSE QUINT, WE COULD ALL BE AS GOOD AS DEAD.

Between the Mississippi and the Missouri lay the great dust bowl, a vast desolate radioactive plain, swept by 400 KPH winds. No human being could survive out there -

But cocooned in our radwagons, we made good time. 10 kilometres west of camp we swung north toward Lake Omaha.

DAD! SOMETHING BIG ON THE RADAR SCREEN - COMING THIS WAY!



DUST DEVIL-
IT'S AS HIGH
AS A
MOUNTAIN!



It's near the
front of the convoy

AAAGHHH!



W-WAG-WAGON 5!
THE L-LOVEJOYS-
B-B-B-BLO-BLO-
BLOWN AWAY!



Joy and Joey
Lovejoy are the
48th and 49th
victims of the
Cursed Earth.



It was late
afternoon when
we finally emerged
from the dust
bowl. We'd
covered 200
kilometres.

WE'LL STOP
UP AHEAD TO
DECONTAMINATE
THE WAGONS.



LOOK
EVERYBODY-
THE 1000KAY
POLE!



WE'RE
HALFWAY
THERE!

NEXT PROG:
DEATH AT
THE 1000
KAY POLE!

OFFICIAL PIN-UP OF
THE ABC WARRIORS...
ATOMIC • BACTERIAL • CHEMICAL

Purity Brown



2000 AD Secret Agent Scan